Then loue-deuouring death doe what he dare,
It is enough I may but call her mine.

Fri. These violent delights haue violent ends,
And in their triumph dye like fire and powder;
Which as they kisse consume. The sweetest honey
Is loathsomnesse in his owne deliciousnesse,
And in the taste confounds the appetite.
Therefore loue moderately, long loue doth so,
Too swift, arriues as tardie, as too slow.

Enter Iuliet.

Here comes the Ladie, Oh so light a foot
Will nere weare out the euerlasting flint,
A Louer may bestride the Gossamours,
That idles in the wanton Summer Ayre,
And yet not fall, so light is vanitie.

Iu. Good euen to my ghostly Confessor.

Fri. *Romeo* shall thanke thee daughter for vs both.

Iu. As much to him, else in his thankes too much.

Ro. Ah *Iuliet*, if the measure of thy ioy
Be heapt like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour Ayre, and let rich Musickes tongue,
Vnfold the imagin'd happinesse that both
Receiue in either, by this deare encounter.

Iu. Conceit more rich in matter then in words,
Brags of his substance, not of ornament,
They are but Beggers that can count their worth;
But my true Loue is growne to such excesse,
I cannot summe vp some of halfe my wealth.

Fri. Come, come with me, and we will make short worke,
For by your leaues, you shall not stay alone,
Till holy Church incorporate two in one.

Enter Mercutio, Benuolion, *and men.*

Ben. I pray thee good *Mercutio* lets retire,
The day is hot, the *Capulets* abroad:
And if we meet, we shall not scape a brawle, for now these hot
dayes, is the mad bloud stirring.

Mu.

Mer. Thou art like one of
ters the confines of a Tauern
table, and sayes, Go, fend m
peration of the second cup, d
indeed there is no need.

Ben. Am I like such a fell

Mer. Come, come, thou
any in *Italie*: and assoone mo
moodie to be moued.

Ben. And what too?

Mer. Nay and there were
shortly, for one would kill t
quarrell with a man that hath
his beard, then thou hast: t
cracking Nuts, hauing no ot
hasell eyes: what eye, but si
quarrell? thy head is as full of
and yet thy head hath been be
relling: thou hast quareld wit
because he hath wakened thy
Sun. Didst thou not fall out
doublet before Easter: with a
with old riband, and yet thou

Ben. And I were so apt to q
buy the fee-simple of my life,

Mer. The fee-simple, O sim

Enter Tibalt, Pet

Ben. By my head here come

Mer. By my heele I care no

Tibalt Follow me close, for I
Gentlemen, Good-den, a word

Mer. And but one word wit
thing, make it a word and a bl

Ti. You shall find mee apt
giue me occasion.

Mercut. Could you not ta
uing?